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# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 3 COURTLAND-ST.—TERMS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 53.

## The Principles of Nature.

### DISCOVERY BY THE AGENCY OF SPIRITS.

The following letter, written to Dr. Gray of this city, gives an interesting account of the discovery of a medicinal spring in Pennsylvania, near Carroll, Chautauque Co., N. Y. From several sources we have accounts of the beneficial effects of the water when applied to the cure of diseases. Our opponents are continually asking why the spirits do not tell us something that will be of practical benefit to mankind. Let this, among hundreds of cases of practical utility, be an answer.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 24, 1853.

J. F. GRAY, M.D.:

Dear Sir—I avail myself of the present opportunity, to fulfill a promise I made you while sojourning in your city, to give you the result of my observations and personal inquiries in relation to the remarkable mineral spring, alleged to have been discovered near Carroll, Chautauque Co., N. Y., by Spirit-agency. Having listened to the account given by my friend Sheldon, of Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., when he brought the water to New York for analysis, I resolved to turn aside from my homeward journey and examine the whole matter for myself. Accordingly I left New York on the 10th inst., and proceeded directly to Dunkirk, where I arrived about two o'clock next morning. At one o'clock, p. m., of that day, I took the stage for Jamestown, twenty-eight miles south of Dunkirk, thence again by stage six miles to Carroll, which brought me within three miles of the spring. Fortunately I found the owner of the spring at Carroll, who took me immediately to his house, which is located about a half mile over the line in Pennsylvania. His name is John Chase. From early youth he has been a resident of that region, pursuing his trade as a blacksmith, until three or four years since he removed to the farm on which he now resides. The uniform testimony of his neighbors and acquaintances is, that he is a strictly honest man, possessing a good share of sound judgment in the business relations of life, and respected by all who know him. The great fault complained of is, that he is *fanatical*—that is, his thoughts do not run in the great channel of public opinion. In other words, he is a man that does his own thinking, and never fears to act where his better judgment dictates, regardless of public opinion.

I will now proceed to give you the statement of the parties more immediately connected with the discovery of the spring, from notes I took on the spot. There were present John Chase and wife, Eliza Birney, an adopted daughter of Mr. Chase, aged about eighteen, Mr. Oliver G. Chase (brother of John Chase), and Mr. Wm. Brittingham and wife.

About fifteen years since, while Mr. Chase was residing at Carroll, following his trade, his wife made a visit to a neighboring town, and was absent about six weeks. In that neighborhood there was a "fortune-teller," who was considered an "oracle" by those who saw fit to consult her. Mrs. Chase, from mere curiosity, visited her, and during the consultation she was informed that since she left home her husband had bought a farm, that on it was a great treasure, and that he must never part with it. Mrs. Chase ridiculed the idea, expressing her unbelief in the strongest terms, and gave as a reason that they were so poor that her husband had no means of paying for one. She was then told that she would have a test of the truth of her assertion. Her husband would send for her that day to come home, that she would start for, but would not reach, her place of residence. Just at evening a team arrived to take her home; she started, but when they had reached within one mile of home the horses became stalled, and they were obliged to remain at a neighboring house. She arrived home in the morning, and immediately asked her husband if he had bought a farm. He replied, that he had; but said no one knew it except himself, the seller, and a witness, and wished to know how she had heard of it. She informed him of the interview with the fortune-teller, and the circumstances connected with her return home. Having bought the tract for the purpose of using a small water-power on it for propelling machinery for the manufacture of wagons, in company with another individual, and that project having failed, he repeatedly offered the tract for sale, placing no confidence in the sayings of the seeress, and not feeling able to pay for it. He could get no offer, and he was obliged to keep it, until about four years since he bought forty acres adjoining, which came to a highway, to enable him to sell the whole tract more readily. Still he got no offers; when about three years ago, Wm. Brittingham, who was a magnetizer, learned through a clairvoyant that there was a great treasure on John Chase's farm, and, besides, a valuable salt-spring, and that he must not sell it. This was subsequently confirmed by other clairvoyants and spirit-mediums, until Chase was constrained to act in the matter, and resolved to follow directions, and dig for the reported treasure. Accordingly he took a good clairvoyant on to the ground some time last spring, who located the precise spot where they afterward dug. Subsequent trials with other mediums corroborated the statement of the first clairvoyant. On the strength of the above, he bargained with Mr. Brittingham to dig the pit, for a certain interest in the investment, and early last summer the work was commenced.

They were directed to sink a pit nine feet in diameter to a certain depth, then to bore to a certain specified depth, when they would come to the spring. (The distances they were directed to dig and to bore corresponded exactly with the account of the digging given below.) During the progress of the work, they first removed two feet of surface soil, then three to four feet of hard pan; the next in order was nine feet of blue clay, with boulders of all sizes interspersed; the next, six inches of sand and gravel and a little clay; then two feet more of blue clay, when they came upon a layer of eighteen inches of surface soil, vegetable mold, interspersed with leaves and stems (evidently a land slide, as a casual observer would readily perceive by personal inspection). The next layer was twelve feet blue clay, sand, gravel, and boulders intermixed, which required blasting in consequence of its extreme hardness. At this point they commenced boring in the same soil for ten feet farther, and struck the rock, which was very hard for the distance of six inches, when it became porous, and through it the water began to flow. At the depth of three feet they again struck the hard portion, and ceased boring. Not finding it in sufficient quantities, they were directed by the spirits to bore in the center of the pit, which they did, and struck a full supply, flowing at the rate of about 500 gallons per hour. They were then directed to commence boring on the north side of the pit, and they would strike the salt water. After boring through the hard clay and gravel they struck the rock (red sandstone), into which they bored to the depth of four or five feet, and came to strong salt water, flowing at the rate of about 750 gallons per hour, which they were directed to plug up; they did so, but not doing it effectually, the plug escaped during their absence, and the water filled the whole pit and flowed over the surface of the ground. With much labor for five days, they succeeded in emptying the pit and stopping the flow. They were then directed to insert a tube in the hole bored in the center of the pit, reaching to the surface of the ground, which they did, when the water flowed to the height of twelve feet above the surface of the earth. The water obtained from this spring flows turbid all of the time, containing a large amount of sediment of earthy matter, of an unctuous character to the touch, emitting a peculiar odor, and the taste strongly alkaline. Experiments were made by mixing the water with flour, which showed its alkaline properties by raising bread and biscuit very light. You have doubtless ere this received from Chilton the chemical analysis, but as I have heard nothing from that source, I am unable to say what are its chemical constituents.

The work was completed about the 1st of September last, when they were directed to commence testing, under Spirit-direction, the efficacy of the water in the cure of diseases. I will not detail to you the cases treated, but simply enumerate a few of the diseases in which, according to the testimony of numbers in that vicinity, the use of the water had been effectual. Various kinds of fevers, dyspepsia, various bowel affections, hemorrhoids, leucorrhoea, pneumonia, rheumatism, inflammations of the throat, burns and scalds, erysipelas, scarlatina, etc. The details as given to me are exceedingly interesting, and almost incredible; and if there is any truth in the testimony, I think the whole matter is worth a thorough investigation. It is directed to be used in various ways. The water from the spring is used internally and by bathing. Boiled from fifteen gallons to one is directed to be given for various complaints, and in this state it may be transported. An ointment is also made for external application for all inflammations, such as burns, felons, boils, erysipelas, hemorrhoids, chilblains, rheumatism, etc. If the statements are to be relied upon, the results of its use are truly remarkable. I have had but a limited opportunity, since my return home, to test either the water or ointment upon cases of disease. The results thus far are very favorable. Two well-marked cases of *felon* yielded in a few hours to the application of the ointment. In one case, where the lady had not slept for two nights preceding, and was suffering so severely that she could hardly keep from groaning while in my presence, the pain left in half an hour, and in twelve hours the tumefaction had almost disappeared, and she is now well, without any aggravation. The other case was characterized by a gradual subsidence of the suffering in the course of six hours, together with the swelling, and final complete cure. No suppuration supervened, although in both cases it seemed inevitable. Similar results have followed in a severe case of croup, and in obstinate coughs.

I shall continue my testings as opportunity presents, and the results I will carefully note, which I will communicate to you if you desire it.

In conclusion I would say, that the main facts above narrated are fully corroborated by friend and foe in that vicinity. Indeed, there is no doubt left upon the minds of any in that neighborhood, who have known any thing on the subject, that the discovery was made under the circumstances narrated above. They were subjected to an amount of obloquy and ridicule that was truly disgraceful, and it is wonderful that their moral courage should have so long sustained them.

But I am wearying you with the length of this epistle, and will therefore close by subscribing myself,

Yours truly,

JAMES P. GREYS.

### "SMASHING THE EVIDENCE."

There are some lawyers who, when the law and the facts are both decidedly against them, make a bold strike for a verdict by bullying the witnesses, confusing their ideas, and making them keep back the truth, or so much of it as they can, through fear of abuse and persecution. After making them all thus appear as contemptible as possible on the witness-stand, these advocates next proceed to virtually put the witnesses on trial, arouse the prejudices of the jury in every possible way, travesty, misquote, and misapply the sayings of the witnesses, till they convert so much of the testimony as they failed to suppress into a confused and ridiculous mass, upon which the biologized jurors dare not base a verdict. In this way do they often accomplish all the ends of perjury (do they not also fasten all the guilt of perjury upon their souls?) without incurring any penalty under the laws of men. They can even hold up their heads in triumph, while all the "knowing ones" praise them, and exult in the apparent might of falsehood and imbecility of truth; though, in point of fact, such successes merely show the weakness of such juries as are false to truth, and permit impudence and naked assertion to usurp truth's rightful power over their minds.

As the practice of "smashing," or doing violence to truth, is not confined to our law courts, but prevails in some form wherever selfishness is in the ascendant, and whenever truths are brought forward that do not minister to man's self-conceit nor to his ruling passion, I will attempt a brief statement of its rationale, and they shall see how the "smashers" of truth may, notwithstanding their great simplicity and feebleness, sustain themselves against it.

The mental philosophies of all ages have agreed in one point. They regard the mind as possessing, or as composed of, two fundamental faculties or elements; one being known as the soul, the will, the heart, or, in phrenological language, the propensities and sentiments collectively (the ruling desire *pro tem*, being the temporary will); and the other being variously termed the mind, reason, intellect, or, phrenologically, the perceptive and reflective faculties. The two most popular and graphic of all these names of contradistinction are "the heart" and "the head." The heart is subject to a perpetual and insatiable craving for *self-gratification*, or *pleasure*; the head has no respect for anything but *truth*; and its true office is to hold the torch of truth for the heart to walk by, to make the heart know what things will or will not contribute to its real pleasure or welfare; to show the difference between outside and inside, reality and pretension, momentary gratifications and permanent goods, and thus to guide it to that state of perfect happiness and harmony commonly termed "heaven." The functions of the head and the heart are as distinct as the senses of sight and taste; and all attempts to reason with the heart or feel with the intellect are as futile as would be efforts to taste with the eyes or see with the tongue; though the heart can see *very well with the head's help*, whenever it can condescend to borrow it, and the head can in like manner perceive all the mysteries of sensation by peeping into the heart, notwithstanding its own want of sensibility. Now, the great first cause of all our sins and errors is simply this: the heart is so much more impetuous than the head, that it can at any moment destroy the mental equilibrium. She always can, and often does, "assume the breeches" whenever nature, through the intellect, presents any truth that is not to her taste, exaggerating, caricaturing, and distorting it in all imaginable ways, sometimes with the most subtle and insinuating art, and sometimes with barefaced ferocity and naked spite. The fancy-pictures thus forged by herself she will insist, with the most wonderful impudence, are veritable emanations from the God of truth, and not only make herself sick and crazy by swallowing them, but employ the whole artillery of the "smashing system"—sneers and flattery, bribes and persecution—to force them down the throats of others. Thus does man's love-principle—will, or heart—in its warrings against truth, mutilate and defile its own innocence. Nor are the evil effects of the heart's perverted action confined to the heart alone. The intellect, no more permitted to ramble in the pleasant paths of wisdom, is locked up in the close dungeons of conventionalism, and kept at hard labor in giving plausibility to lies.

This tendency of man's self-will or heart to make its own appetites and antipathies the test of truth is so universal, that no human intellect has ever wholly escaped its perverting influence; though the counter-influence of *inspiration* (i. e., communion, more or less perfect with spirits of a higher sphere) has given the world many glorious instances of intellect peacefully governing its own proper kingdom, and nourishing and purifying the heart by its ministrations of pure truth, or representations of extraneous nature and of its own thoughts and fancies, exactly as they are. Some very fine instances of this sort may be found in Shakespeare; in his best scenes, his will-power seems as passive as a virgin entranced by the voice of her beloved, while his intellect reflects all things just as nature presents them, and with as little of distorting effort as if it were a simple mountain lake mirroring the clouds and glories of the heaven.

It must not be supposed, however, that in advocating the non-interference of the will with the functions of the intellect,

I would not have the will incommunicative, but the reverse. It can not be too frank in exhibiting its likings and antipathies, its hopes and fears to its masculine counterpart, thus making the intellect, if possible, even more intimate with the sensitive world within than with the exterior universe. It should also control, or, at least, freely participate in the direction of the intellect, and point out what subject the intellect at any time shall investigate. It is only when the will attempts to stifle or falsify the truths presented to it—only when it seeks to annihilate an unpalatable verity by turning away from it and "smashing the evidence" of its existence, that it does wrong.

Nothing can be more wonderful than the way in which an erroneous action, originating perhaps in the indolence or folly of a single man, sometimes overruns whole nations, and spreads its evil effects over innumerable generations. This power of error to propagate is specially noticeable in the war commenced in the days of Adam and Eve between Self-will and Truth. Self-will began by coining a single lie, and taking it to her bosom. When the next truth offered itself, she could harmonize it with the predilected error only by falsifying that also. There was no middle course, no stopping-place, no way of reconciling truth and error. She had no alternative but either to cast forth the lie she had adopted, or else to keep her "smashing system" in vigorous operation against every new truth. Furthermore, as there was danger that the unperverted reason of others might overthrow the self-delusions that were at first coined by a single mind, the erring individual had to extend the application of the system to the minds around him, to frighten or wheedle them into the same delusions, and the same warfare against reason and truth; and thus the world became filled with "conventionalisms," fashionable hypocrisies, shams, and privileged falsehoods, which all men had to pretend to honor under penalty of social isolation, hatred, and sometimes even imprisonment or death.

I will now take up the great practical question propounded at the close of my second paragraph. Whatever may be the intrinsic weakness of the substitute for ratiocination, familiarly known as "the smashing process," it is established, and co-extensive with the empire of self-love. It is "the fashion." No man on earth can bear faithful testimony to any great vital truth, without encountering its plagues. How, then, shall the witnesses to the modern spiritual manifestations—which, be it remembered, threaten the sleek dominion of Mammon by making God or Soul a power upon the earth and an entity—how shall they sustain themselves against it?

Man is weak, and can never stand alone. Therefore, when beset by the banditti of self-conceit, or of fashion, or of interest, he must find a power stronger than that of his assailants, or sink under it. He must abandon all foolish ideas of independence, remember whose universe it is that he dwells in, and whose love and wisdom it was that made him, and thus establish the rights of ownership to all his faculties. Let him but heartily acknowledge God's just claims to his homage, and reject all the false claims of tyrants.

This ground, however impregnable, is so distasteful to our own self-conceit that even persecution can hardly drive us to its shelter; and, when taken, there is great danger of our glorying in the strength that protects us as though it were our own, and so assuming that we are God's pets, with a divine right to tyrannize over sinners for his glory. Doubtless it will require many years of constant effort and faithful scrutiny to enable the best of us to walk without fear and without tripping even in so plain a road as this, and to acquire that modesty in *perpetuity* which constitutes the vital principle of the defensive policy above suggested.

I therefore think it will be well for every self among us to become thoroughly master of the precise facts that determine his personal consequence in the great scale of the universe. For instance, I find by examination that my body is exactly as 180 pounds of matter to the whole world and the whole solar and stellar systems; or, to go by bulk instead of weight, as about four cubic feet to the whole of infinite space; and that my experience compared with God's is as less than fifty years to the whole of the past eternity. Consequently, I do not feel called on to attempt very great things just at present, either to keep truth from extinction or Omnipotence from falling, especially while they are so happy as to enjoy the guardianship of Archbishop Hughes. I do not even feel obligated to force a single fact of my personal experience upon any unwilling mind; though I shall most certainly try to imitate the diamond in my own conduct, and to let such rays of truth as may fall upon me shine through me also. I shall furthermore contend that, notwithstanding the comparative narrowness of my present mental faculties, they are still the honest work of a just God, and perfectly reliable when used within their proper sphere; that they can tell me when tables are lifted or sounds are made in my room, with absolute certainty; also, when such sounds and motions are used as signals; nor is the fact that all signals communicating definite knowledge must necessarily have an intelligent or spiritual origin, at all above their legitimate power of inference. If any other man has less faith than this in his own senses and reason, let him abstain from presenting me with any of the abortions which, according to his theory, proceed from them. JOHN SMITH THE SAXON.

### WHAT CAN ELECTRICITY DO?

BY WILLIAM ALLEN.

MR. EDITOR—In adopting the hypothesis that Spirits communicate, we are forced by necessary consequence to assume that the Spirits are of themselves substantial beings. The reason is so apparent that it needs only to be stated to be appreciated. It is founded upon this fixed fact: *when something is done, something did it.* Hence, when a table is moved, all see the inevitable necessity of accepting the proposition that *something* moved it. To assert that something is nothing, or no thing, is a contradiction in terms. *Something* can never be nothing, nor can nothing ever be something. Hence many minds averse to the Spiritual hypothesis, assert this something to be electricity. Let us see a moment whether this can be so. Electricity is certainly something, or it could not move the table. It being, then, something, it can not at the same moment be any other thing. For instance, water can not be water and wood at the same moment. Electricity (supposing it to be the motor), acting as it has always been known to act, would manifest no intelligence. On the contrary, its operations would be hazardous, not to say dangerous, in the extreme. It has, therefore, always been considered a merely natural element, possessing none of the attributes of intelligence. Within a few years it has grown to be our post-boy; but it does not make the messages it carries, any more than the carrier of the United States mails makes the messages in his bags, or the speaking tubes of our houses make the orders to the servants. *Something* is always at work at the ends of the telegraphic wires. *Somebody* always speaks in the air. It would be a singular piece of complaisance for a person receiving a dispatch by telegraph from a friend, or for a servant on hearing an order through the tube, to sit quietly down and say the tube did the one and the wires the other! It hardly seems possible that such indifference could be exhibited by any one; and yet is not this verily the condition of those who receive intelligent communications, through the table as a telegraph, and yet ascribe all to electricity?

How true it may be that electricity is used as a means for the power which controls the matter to manifest itself, is more than I can determine. Many experiments would indicate that if electricity is used even as an agent, that it possesses powers as an agent simply, hitherto unknown. On this point, it seems to me that all the investigations of the past three or four years shed but little light. And, indeed, it seems to me of little consequence until the greater proposition is settled, viz., *do Spirits communicate at all?*

To return to electricity. On the supposition that electricity is the prime mover, if we allow a particle of inquiry, we instantly become entangled. The question arises, how does electricity do it? To answer this question, we have only to look at what we know. Mind desires a result; it sets in motion the agency to produce that result. Mind desires a steamship; it sets in motion the adequate forces. In these operations it is to be noted that, while the mind is one thing, what it does is quite another. Besides this, while the mind is one thing, its agencies are quite another. Sitting in its citadel, it sets surrounding elements in motion. When it acts, it does so by moving other things. We have no evidence that it has acted, only as we see it in the matter it obliges to move. It does not leave its empire and enter into the blocks and spars of the vessel. The ingenuity displayed in them is the evidence that they had an intelligent conceiver. All the steps between the plan of the vessel on paper and its complete equipment, are the means used by the mind to accomplish the end. The workmen, in multitudes of cases, are but machines to facilitate a design entirely beyond their comprehension. Can it be said they are electrical batteries, and the process a hidden galvanism upon iron, wood, and spars? Nay. It seems to me we do violence to every conception, to attribute an intelligent design to the mere means.

If these things are so, and so they certainly seem to me, what becomes of the claim that electricity is the cause of the manifestations? In this claim we are not asked to believe that a mere agent, or means, not only contains the intelligence it communicates, but that within itself it has the means of making that intelligence known? Or, to be more plain, are we not asked to believe that the telegraphic wire, waited by operators, makes and writes all its dispatches? Or, to be still more plain, are we not asked to believe that a man without mouth, lungs, or hands, can play upon a trumpet as well as though he had them? Perhaps some may not see the bearing of these comparisons. To such, these queries are submitted: Has electricity a mouth? has it lungs? has it hands? And yet all these means are requisite for mind to demonstrate its perception of harmony. Mind can never act without means. To ascribe intelligence to the means, is to ascribe the cause to the effect. A strong writer has recently demonstrated to his own satisfaction in an article which appeared in the Democratic Review, that the cause of all motion is applied in mind. In this way he establishes the existence of mind. If his premises are correct, the claims of electricity to this matter will be of little weight. For, if electricity is found, it can not move tables without means. The means must be one thing, and the motive power another; they never can be identical.



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

During the past year our space has been so limited, that we have found it utterly impossible to publish all the communications that have been offered, but a glance at the initial number of the Second Volume will suffice to satisfy our numerous correspondents that we shall have room to entertain them hereafter. If, for the present, any one is compelled to stand aside, he must not impute our hostility, but graciously pardon our sins of omission on account of our incapacity.

The protected Discussion with Dr. Richmond will terminate with the first volume, and we shall then have the requisite time and space to attend to the opposition generally, and shall endeavor to keep our numerous readers constantly informed of the progress of the cause in all parts of the country and the world.

"O. W." of Galena, desires us to explain what we mean by *En rapport*, and we respond as follows: *En rapport* is a number of words, principally derived from the French, and signifies in. *Rapport*, also from the French, means relation; hence, two minds are said to be *en rapport*, when they sustain such intimate relations as to be cognizant of the thoughts and emotions of each other.

"A. C." who writes from Clarksville, sends a criticism on our article, *GENERAL INFLUENCE OF REVELATION*, which we will cordially publish if the critic shall be pleased to disclose his full name. We will cheerfully permit any intelligent and candid writer to controvert our views if he will but openly assume the responsibility of his own, as we have done.

## TO THE READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

One year has elapsed since our mutual friend, prompted by the inspiration of an honest conviction and an earnest purpose, projected this Paper, and the undersigned was induced, not indeed without some persuasion from others, and misgivings on his own part, to assume the responsibility of its editorial labors. The writer's former experience in conducting the *Universalist* and other progressive publications, rendered the duties not altogether new, but this experience was fraught with some sad reminiscences, and instead of inspiring an unquestioning confidence in the certain success of the new enterprise, it served rather to magnify, in his judgment at least, the importance of the trust, and to awaken a consciousness of personal inability to fully answer the time and the demand. With a similar discipline, no one could be a stranger to the bitterness engendered by a devotion to unpopular views, insensible to the alienation of friendship for opinion's sake, or wholly indifferent to that ostracism which consigns so many human minds and hearts to the perdition of blighted earthly hopes and perpetual neglect, for what ignorance and prejudice are pleased to denounce as insane vagaries or theological heresies. With a vivid remembrance of such an experience, rendered yet more impressive in its admonitions by the still existing consequences of losses incurred and consequent embarrassment, the prospect would indeed have been uncertain had not the TELEGRAPH been under the fostering care of one whose means were commensurate with the disinterested purpose of his heart. The possession of ample resources, and unwavering fidelity to a strong conviction, contributed most essentially to inspire that general confidence which is so necessary to the triumphant issue of a doubtful public experiment.

But this was not all. Great prudence, close discrimination, and a deliberate judgment, seemed to be requisite on the part of him who should attempt the labor of supervision of a paper. The situation was certainly somewhat trying, and it was apparent from the beginning that the faithful performance of its duties might occasionally cause dissatisfaction. Thousands had been suddenly awakened to a consciousness of their intimate relations to the Spiritual World; but the fact was not to be disguised, that they still retained many of the distinctive features of their former faith. The believers in Spiritual intercourse were from among all Christian sects, Jews, and Pantheists, and the still existing contraries, with respect to their general views, were so many, and withal so striking, as to render it a delicate and difficult task to preserve a proper independence without giving occasion for numerous offenses. The Editor has not the vanity to presume that he has been entirely successful in this particular. All that he has felt authorized to claim, is an earnest desire for the largest rational liberty, both for himself and others, a deep repugnance to all arbitrary and unnatural restraints, and a sincere determination to deal justly, and to guard alike against a soulless insensibility and a wild fanaticism.

We have hinted at the conditions and prospects of modern Spiritualism one year ago, when THE TELEGRAPH was an experiment, and the question of its continuance, beyond the expiration of the first year, was an unsolved problem. But the year now closing upon us has enabled the Publisher to work out the solution of this question, while it has witnessed a rapid diffusion of the Spiritual phenomena, and a revolution in the public mind, which vastly transcends the boldest conjectures then entertained. Should the facts continue to multiply, nothing short of the most profound indifference to passing events will enable the incredulous thousands to foster their doubts through another year. It is believed that more than three hundred thousand persons who, but twelve months ago, were either cold and silent on the subject or disposed to scoff at its bare announcement, have since been forced to yield to a righteous conviction. The mysterious manifestations, so shamelessly ridiculed by a portion of the Pulpit and the Press, and burlesqued in the organs of unbelief and sensuality, have occurred, a great Religious Movement, that is likely to be felt throughout the more enlightened portions of the whole earth. Already are the foundations of ancient creeds and systems of faith and philosophy unsettled; our material conclusions are refuted, and the old dogmatism is rebuked by little children; the undisciplined and thoughtless are suddenly endowed with wisdom that transcends the most accomplished scholasticism; inanimate objects move before us, as if instinct with life, and thought, and reason; while, from the cold and silent elements, come mystical voices to reprove our carelessness, to incite us to duty, and to revive the waning fires of our faith and devotion.

And now, being about to commence the publication of the SECOND VOLUME OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, a brief expression of our thanks and desires may not be inappropriate to the occasion. The sympathy and patronage of our numerous friends, and their cordial approbation of our humble efforts, so frequently and so fervently expressed, have inspired the most grateful emotions, and contributed as well to lighten our cares as to diminish the measure of personal responsibility. Of all this labor of love we entertain a lively consciousness, and shall cherish a lasting and grateful remembrance. And yet, greater, and far nobler than all considerations derived from merely personal respect and esteem, have been the motives to individual exertion, and hence the springs of this surprising movement. The liberty to utter a great truth is no mean distinction—it is among the highest honors conferred on mortals; but the medium for its expression should be the last to appro-

priate to himself the respect which is only due to Truth itself, and to the ultimate sources of its inspiration. Personal desires and interests dwindle into insignificance in the comparison with universal realities. Even private attachments, however strong, are less sacred than eternally existing principles; and as we are all but agents and instruments, imperfect and unworthy it may be, in the hand of Providence, it becomes each to humble himself, that the cause may be duly exalted, and Truth receive appropriate honors.

It now only remains for me to remind the Correspondents and Readers of THE TELEGRAPH that we hope to continue this intercourse with them, and that it may be perpetual. We trust it has been mutually agreeable and profitable hitherto, and we confidently believe that the ensuing year will greatly augment our means of usefulness, and increase the measure of their enjoyment. While entering on the enlarged field of labor, now opening wide before us, we invoke the Spirit of that inspiration which giveth understanding, to the end, that with a serene faith and an unflinching purpose, we may all be prepared to act, with becoming zeal and magnanimity, the part allotted us in the dispensations of Providence.

S. B. BRITTAN.

## THE PUBLISHERS TO THEIR PATRONS.

The undersigned, having nearly completed their arrangements for issuing the SECOND VOLUME OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, greatly enlarged and otherwise materially improved, respectfully solicit the attention of the present subscribers to the paper, and all others who may be interested in its general objects, to a brief statement of their purposes and desires.

The general character and prevailing spirit of THE TELEGRAPH are already thoroughly known, and in these respects, the Paper will undergo no essential change. But the ensuing Volume will present a more complete record of all the important facts that may be disclosed, with lucid expositions of the laws and conditions of Spiritual Intercourse, so far as these may be discovered; a digest of similar phenomena in past ages, together with an extensive and varied miscellaneous correspondence, which will exhibit at once the general state of the cause and all its phenomenal aspects. Moreover, to render the Paper all that is desired, a summary of the more important discoveries in general science and art, etc., will be required, besides which it is proposed to have a regular European correspondence, and to furnish faithful translations from the French and German languages of such articles, on kindred subjects, as may be presumed to be most interesting to the reader.

But to answer this absolute demand of the time, growing out of the rapid progress of Spiritualism, and the present significant and imposing state of the movement, it will be necessary to employ such additional services as will greatly augment the current expenses of THE TELEGRAPH. To enable the Proprietors to meet these increased disbursements, and, at the same time, to enlarge the paper to the size of the present issue, it will be necessary to raise the price to Two Dollars. It will be perceived, however, that the addition of fifty cents per annum to the subscription price, is but trifling compared with the increased quantity of matter, to say nothing of other proposed improvements. Such, very briefly, is the present design, and the resources at our command, whether of mind or money, will be faithfully employed to accomplish the end in view, and to render this Paper eminently worthy of the Spiritual Reform which is destined to distinguish this period in the history of the world.

OUR DESIRES, so far as they can be appropriately indicated in this connection, may be very briefly expressed. Tried friends, especially those who have stood by us amid darkness and storm, are endeared to us by the recollection of mutual labors and conflicts, as well as by the force of existing affinities and the magnetism of living ideas. Hence, we earnestly desire all present subscribers to continue with us if, on reflection, our past efforts and present purposes shall be found to merit their approbation. It is with no sparing confidence that we appeal to the friends of the cause, wherever they may be, to further aid us on the present occasion, by calling the attention of all, who may be interested in the general subject, to the claims of this Journal.

It will be perceived that our type and fixtures are all new, and the present number, in its general design, intellectual character, and mechanical execution, may be taken as a fair index to the forthcoming volume. THE TELEGRAPH will be printed on fine paper, and published every Saturday, at Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE,  
S. B. BRITTAN.

## THE MODERN MANIFESTATIONS.

We shall continue to publish under this general head such facts and communications as will best illustrate the curious phenomena to which public attention is everywhere directed, strictly with a view to indicate the nature of the mysterious agency, and its numerous modes of manifestation. We shall not always stop to give a critical opinion, but may very often presume upon the intelligence of our readers to enable them to form an opinion of their own, without other aid from us than the mere presentation of the facts. We may be disposed to give publicity to some communications that possess little or no literary merit. This may be necessary that the capacity of the invisible powers be rightly apprehended, and the whole subject estimated according to its real merits. That a portion of the Spiritual communications are intrinsically uninteresting, we need not be informed, but this circumstance can not, in the judgment of any rational man, invalidate their claims to a spiritual origin. If all the Spirits were original thinkers, and accustomed to speak and write in artistic style, we should be among the first to question the genuineness of their claims. It is quite impossible to conceive, without disregarding all known laws of mental growth, that the persons who but yesterday or last year mingled in these earthly scenes, jostling each other in the dusty highways of life, and saluting us in common phrase, could so suddenly become unfolded and exalted in mind to the dignity of the highest capacity. Not so do we read the laws of human development, and those who arrive at such conclusions disregard the experience of their own souls.

In this age of prevailing skepticism, the most important feature in all such communications may not consist in their strict conformity to the rules of literary composition, but in the cardinal fact, if indeed it be a fact, that they emanate from the Spirit-world. The true philosopher will not find fault with Nature because some of her phenomena occur unexpectedly, and are seemingly irregular and disorderly. In the process of creation, Chaos preceded the reign of Order, while the strife of social and political elements and the noise of revolution go before the Spirit of Reform, to herald the new and higher

institutions of the world. In like manner, from the present confused mingling of apparently lawless elements, may be evolved civil and religious systems, whose moral beauty and spiritual life shall one day realize the prayer and the prophecy of Humanity, in the glory of "a new heaven and a new earth."

If the philosopher, who is swallowed up in the profundity of his vast conceptions, who worships only truth, "And stoops to touch the loftiest thought,"

if such a mind is always reverent and thoughtful in the investigation of all natural phenomena, however unimportant in the vulgar estimation, while superficial souls cavil and sneer at her modes of operation, may we not learn wisdom from such examples? And if those who are earnest and powerful in thought thus regard Nature in the least of her phenomenal exhibitions, how can we expect those who have deep and strong affections to be indifferent to the voices which speak to them from beyond the veil? Surely, no one in the least distinguished for generous impulses and expanded ideas, would pour contempt on the name and memory of one who has cherished him, because another who is unworthy has assumed his name, nor yet because that friend may not be able to address him in ornate and class language. And should that friend send from a far distant country, some pledge of friendship or message of love, he would not quarrel with the messenger about the time and manner of his arrival, nor regard as a *sine qua non* the literary merits of what his friend may say. No, bereaved affection has wept too long over the grave of its buried hopes to be excessively fastidious on this point. The mother who sighs for her lost child, will not stop to question the mere scholarship of any who may come to assure her that the child is safe. The anxious wife, who bends in prayer over the ashes of him who shielded her from the storm, who keeps long vigils from the hour of vesper until the stars grow pale in the beams of the Orient, would only ask to be fully assured that the loved one is, and that it is well with him. The bare consciousness of his presence would produce, it may be, more intense and exalted happiness than all the wealth of kingdoms, the splendor of intellectual endowments, and the refinement of the highest art.

## CURIOUS PROOF OF SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

Mrs. Edith Banning, of West Winsted, Conn., a lady of the highest respectability, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, buried her husband, as we say in common parlance, some four years since. Mrs. B. has three daughters, aged seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen years, respectively, who are partial media. The eldest is at times clairvoyant, while the youngest is a medium for the sounds. It is now about one year since they first became fully conscious of the presence of invisible visitors, claiming to be the Spirits of departed relatives and friends.

Some weeks since, while the writer was at West Winsted, for the purpose of giving lectures on the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, Mrs. Banning related the following interesting fact: On entering the front room one day, Mrs. B. observed that the mirror was apparently covered with a sort of cloud, or mist, as though some person had just breathed over its surface. On approaching it, she discovered, to her great surprise, near the center of the glass, a complete profile picture of a man. She thought of the possibility that it might be some illusion of the sense, and summoned her eldest daughter, who saw the picture with equal distinctness; and now, most unexpectedly, the likeness of the deceased husband and father clearly appeared in the image before them. One after another all the members of the family were called to look at the mystical picture. There were five persons who witnessed this curious phenomenon, namely, Mrs. Banning, two of her daughters, an English woman who lives in the family, and an Irish domestic, all of whom manifestly saw the same image, as their descriptions entirely agree. The picture remained some twenty minutes, and then gradually the outline became indistinct, and finally disappeared, leaving the mirror unmarred.

Subsequently, the ordinary sounds, or rappings, were heard on the table, and what purported to be Mr. Banning, of the Spirit-world, announced his presence, and affirmed that he had produced the image they had just witnessed, to redeem a promise given them some time before, which was to the effect, that he would give them an unmistakable demonstration of his personal presence.

We may further add, that the Irish girl was so much frightened, on witnessing the mystical picture, that she left the house, and did not return until the next day.

## THE SPIRITS AT WASHINGTON.

We copy the following from a late number of the Providence Journal. It will be perceived that Hon. gentlemen at Washington are becoming deeply and generally interested in the modern phenomena, and that they do not all sanction the flippant denunciations which emanate from a portion of the press. Those who want stringent laws passed against Spiritual intercourse must hurry, or our legislators will be all convinced before any action is had. The "resolutions of non-intercourse" with the Spirit-world must be passed at once, gentlemen, or they will lay on the table indefinitely.—Ed.

The following extracts are from two letters addressed to a lady of this city. They were written by a gentleman of high intelligence and reputation, formerly a distinguished Senator in Congress.

Since I wrote you last, I have had some of the most extraordinary physical manifestations from my old friend Calhoun, that I have yet heard of, ending with a short communication in writing, which Gen. Hamilton, Gen. Thompson, Gen. Campbell (all his most intimate friends), as well as one of Calhoun's sons, to whom I have submitted it, pronounce a perfect *fac simile* of his hand-writing.

I have also had communications from Webster, through a writing medium, of the most extraordinary character. A gentleman of the highest order of intellect present at the time, said he had read all the old philosophers from Plato down to Bacon, and he had seen nothing equal to these communications from Webster.

Your account of the movement of the table, when my letter was read, "indicating an intelligent concurrence with the ideas presented," reminds me of a physical manifestation recently, in the presence of Gen. Hamilton, Gen. Thompson, of South Carolina, and myself.

We were directed to place the Bible on a drawer under the table. I placed it there completely closed. It was a small pocket Bible, with very fine print. Numerous raps were then heard beating time to "Hail Columbia," which had been called for. Soon the sounds began to recede, and grew fainter and fainter till they died away in the distance. The alpha bet was then called for, and it was spelled out "Look." I looked on the drawer, and found the Bible open. I took it up, and carefully kept it open at the place, as I found it. On bringing it to the light, I found it open at St. John's Gospel, chapter ii. being on the left side, and chapter iii. on the right side. I said, "Do you wish us to look at chapter ii?" Ans. "No." "Do you wish us to look at chapter iii?" Ans. "Yes." And it was then said, "Read." I commenced reading the chapter, and significant and emphatic raps were given at many verses, and at verses 8, 11, 19, 24, most vehement raps were given. By looking at these verses, you will better appreciate the significance and intelligence of this emphatic demonstration. This manifestation purported to come from Calhoun, who had previously invited us three gentlemen to be present at a particular hour.

## GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND.

An intelligent gentleman, who was for some time connected with the Boston press, and whose lady is a spiritual medium, has been in London during the past winter, with the view of inviting the attention of the English public to the mystical phenomena so prevalent in this country. We extract a portion of a letter recently received, from which the reader will discover that a number of eminent persons, some distinguished for hereditary titles and honors, and others for intellectual powers and acquisitions, are beginning to regard the subject with interest.

22 QUEEN ANNE STREET, CAVENISH SQUARE,  
LONDON, Feb. 4, 1853.

Dear Sir—I think I promised, before leaving New York, in September last, to write to you and let you know how we succeeded in England, and I should have done so long ere this, but for a press of business and perplexities in introducing the Spiritual phenomena to the people of this country, who I find much more material than spiritual. Yet there is sufficient good soil to admit of sowing the seed, which I trust will take root and grow in good time.

In regard to the manifestations, Mrs. H. has been very successful, even more so, if any thing, than she was at home. Thus far we have had much opposition to contend against, but have met with a remarkable few failures. The worst was that of two of Dickens' friends, who paid Mrs. H. a visit a few days after her arrival. They evidently came with the intention of having every thing wrong, and they nearly succeeded to their mind. You have probably seen the article in the "Household Words" giving an account of their visit to the "Rappers, or the Ghost of the Cock Lane Ghost," in which they say the whole thing has been exploded in the "States."

We shall try hard to overcome the prejudices of the people, and to awaken an interest in the subject; already have quite a number of the first families taken the trouble to investigate the phenomena; I will simply name a few of them, the Earl of Eglinton and the Countess, Lord and Lady Naars, the Marchioness of Stafford, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mrs. Crowe, Miss Anna Blackwell, Dr. Elliottson, Dr. Ashburner, and many others, who have expressed great satisfaction, and a full belief in its truth and reality.

Dr. Elliottson is the editor of the *Zoist*. He, as also Dr. Ashburner, are greatly interested, and have received extraordinary proofs. But a most distinguished man has at length consented to investigate, and to give the result of his labors to the world, without fear or favor. I am not at present at liberty to mention his name. He occupies a high professional position in Edinburgh; you probably understand who it is. I hope to be able to write something in a few weeks that will be of interest both to you and your readers.

Believe me, yours truly,  
W. R. H.

## SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

At one of our regular sittings at my residence on Wednesday evening, February 23d, with Mrs. A. and Miss M. as mediums, Miss M. passed into a trance; and after describing in glowing terms the beauty and happiness of the place in which her spirit was privileged to roam, she said:

"There is some friend somewhere that is going to be changed, and go there soon. I don't know who it is, but it looks like mother."

I asked, "Wouldn't you be glad to have her go to so beautiful and happy a place?"

She replied, "I am glad, and yet sorrowful. She will be better off. They don't think she is going, but she is."

"Will she go soon?"

"I can't tell, but think she is; it looks so." Miss M. now beheld a hearse and a funeral procession.

With the hand and pencil of Mrs. A. they now drew a representation of a beautiful wreath, and said that such a wreath was being prepared by the Spirit-friends of her who was soon to change, and that it was for her to wear on her entrance to the Spirit-world. They then wrote, through Mrs. A., the following sentence:

"God calls His children home in rapid succession, each in their turn, as their labors here are done and the spirit longs for immortality. Then the angel comes in love, and bears them home to their heavenly mansion."

At this date, February 23d, we supposed the person alluded to was in good health. We had heard from her a few weeks previous to that effect. Miss M. came from the trance and wept much, saying that her mother would soon change, as she had seen her friends in the Spirit-world preparing to receive her.

Thus the matter rested. I made the usual record of what transpired. We heard nothing from the place (Gardiner, Maine) in which her mother resided until Tuesday, March 1st, when I received a telegraphic dispatch, stating that she was "very sick." The next day, Wednesday, March 2d, I received another dispatch, by which I was informed that the mother of Miss M. that morning passed from this to the Spirit-world.

CHelsea, Mass., March 5, 1853. JOHN S. ADAMS.

NOTE—I have since learned that the mother of Miss M. was perfectly well on the Wednesday we had our sitting, as far as her friends could observe, and that no appearance of illness was visible until the evening of the following Sabbath; thus proving the truth of what our Spirit-friends told us, that her friends did not think she was soon to leave them.

## SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ORLEANS.

We copy the following from a private letter recently received by a clergyman in New Orleans, who will greatly oblige us by communicating more frequently, and at length, respecting the progress of the cause at the South.

Spiritual manifestations are extending here, and they are engaging the attention of many of our most respectable citizens. All kinds of reports and rumors are in circulation here, as I suppose there have been in other places, respecting manifestations and persons engaged in them.

I have visited two circles in which the manifestations were unquestionable, evincing a knowledge of past events and circumstances, and exhibiting a degree of intelligence superior to that of any person present. I have the pleasure of saying that all persons present were perfectly convinced that the power acting was not an emanation from any one in the company, and that the communications were from the Spiritual world; that there was not any fraud, imposition, or deception practiced or intended by any one present.

I learn that there are many mediums of different descriptions in this city; that the subject is one of interest to all, and that circles are formed, and being formed, in all directions. That these investigations are being made in a pious, sincere, and truthful manner, that much good has already resulted, and much more is anticipated by those advanced in the cause. I hear of some who are pitifully mixed up with Fanaticism; very good persons imagine that they are beset by devils, worried and annoyed, pinched, choked, etc., after the good old Puritanical fashion of Salem witches, so devoutly detailed in Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts. All these denunciations the cool method of inquiry of those who take the rational view of these things, as taught by Davis and others. How far these conditions of mental excitement will influence the public mind against inquiries on this subject, remains for future observation; at present, many are deterred from examination by a kind of indefinite fear of incurring similar conditions. To the collective experience of investigators, and to the press, we must look for a corrective of any errors which we may meet or embrace; some of us here are doing all we can to diffuse works on these subjects, and to inform others as fast as possible.

Respectfully yours,  
E. C. H.

CHILDISH FEARS.—An intelligent spiritualist at the West, who appears to entertain the suspicion that some people are afraid of daylight, says:

"I remember to have heard of a little boy once, who had been born in a coal mine. By some auspicious occurrence, the boy had been brought to the surface of the earth in the night. When the morning began to break and the rosy light to streak the chambers of the East, he gazed with most astonished bewilderment, and when the sun began to rise, his amazement gave way to consternation, and he thought somebody had kindled a 'big fire,' that would burn up 'the whole sphere of the earth.' He is commended to the great mass of 'the wise and prudent' of our day."

## Original Communications.

## PROGRESS OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY E. W. CAPRON.

It was five years, on the 31st day of March, since the modern spiritual manifestations were first announced to the neighbors of the Fox family at the little collection of houses called Hydesville, on the banks of the Ganaruga, in the town of Arcadia, N. Y. During these five years it has been a theme of animated discussion, unceasing misrepresentations, closest scrutiny, and thorough investigation. Never has any new discovery or improvement in religion, morals, or science been put to a severer test, a more torturing examination, and never has any religion, or any new idea within the range of man's mind, spread so rapidly or been so completely triumphant over an avalanche of opposition, as has this new mode of communication between the worlds visible and invisible.

Five years ago it was treated with universal ridicule, as a mere trick, a fancy, or some accidental occurrence, which was destined to be a nine days' wonder, and then pass away, to be forgotten as a "spook story," and be known only as "an old woman's tale, such as nurses frighten babes withal." Then, as it progressed, came the days of fierce opposition by the materialists, philosophers, and religionists; then the warnings to beware of the devices of Satanic spirits, which this was declared to be. Old theology bristled up at the prospect of making tangible, what it had been for ages shrouding in an impenetrable mystery. The religion of annihilation was troubled, because facts were proving what they had long been declaring had no facts to sustain it. But amid all the opposition, ridicule, and contempt, the facts of spiritual intercourse have made their way, and are singularly triumphant. Not less than half a million of hearts are made happy in the knowledge that a never-ending life is before them.

The stubborn materialists, within the church and without, unable to dispute the irresistible array of accumulated and accumulating facts, turn to us and ask, What good has been accomplished, supposing it all to be true? They aver that we have received no important instruction, and that the world is, as yet, no wiser or better for having been initiated into a mode of communication with the invisible world. They stand still and ask us even to lift the veil of the future, and reveal to them what good will be accomplished. They ask us why some heretofore unsettled question has not been settled, and knowledge and goodness thrust suddenly upon us!

If such inquirers will look about them to even a limited extent, they may see that, in their haste, they have overlooked some things which are of great and vital importance, that the agitation of spiritualism has accomplished. Much good has been done; discussion on spiritual philosophy, a searching into the life to come, and an increased desire for that kind of knowledge, has received a mighty impulse. This is not all, nor by any means the most important work it has accomplished. It is within the personal knowledge of the writer that a very large number of persons who either denied a future existence altogether, or were in doubt or suspense in regard to it, have had their doubts dispelled, and their minds quieted and settled on the subject. This, with all the religious world, is a great point to be gained, if their professions are to be credited; a point which their missionaries have encompassed sea and land to gain, without making any very considerable progress with that class of minds who require their reasoning faculties to be convinced by a presentation of facts or logic, instead of a reliance on some written or traditional authority, that never was remarkably clear on this point. It is a matter of surprise, or would be, were it not a general characteristic of sectarianism, to see them objecting to this new proof of immortality, because it has not come through their crooked channel, but is presented directly to the senses as a fixed fact. It is by facts that this class of minds are convinced, and the various assertions of old theology had no effect upon them. From an aged man I have a letter, wherein he says, "For the last thirty years I have been a firm believer in the total annihilation of all that pertains to man at his death; but here something comes up, and gives me the most undeniable evidence of the existence of those whom I supposed to be in the endless sleep of annihilation." Another, a woman of strong intellect, and known a few years since as a powerful advocate of Atheism, rejecting all ideas of future existence, now writes me that she is thoroughly convinced of the continued existence and progression of all human beings. The number of such converts is legion, and they include some of the best minds in the country, who only needed tangible proof to be convinced of the truth of immortality. If this were the whole that the spiritual manifestations had accomplished, could it be said that they had accomplished no good? Have they not, with many minds, settled one of the most momentous questions that has ever been unsettled and agitated in the world? Every day adds to the number of converts made to rejoice in the glorious conviction of the truth of never-ending existence.

But the proof of immortality is not all the good it has accomplished. That, of itself, brings with it many blessings and fond remembrances that are not seen at the first glance; but there are others. The sick have been healed to an extent never before known by any similar agency, in any age of the world. No ancient healing, under the name of miracle, has surpassed some of the modern cures; the blind have been restored to sight, the lame made to walk; the wrong door has been turned from the error of its ways; "he that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips" has been induced, by Spirit-influence, to abandon his traffic; the revengeful have been induced to banish their long-cherished schemes, and many a stubborn, cold, and callous heart has been made to melt at the loving messages from Spirit-friends, and awakened to a renewed life and correct deportment.

Our opponents complain of the want of progress in manner, and distinctness of the manifestations; but the demonstrations have been so varied, wonderful, and wide-spread, that the wonder should be, not how slowly it has progressed, but how rapidly. It would have broken upon the world like an overwhelming avalanche, if all the light from the spheres above had at once been let in upon us, and the effect would have been dazzling and bewildering in the extreme, and the transition from darkness to marvelous light would have worked evil instead of good. Like all things in the progression of the human race, this came at the appropriate time, and in the best manner to secure attention and elicit thought, without startling the falsely educated world who are to receive it, and its advance has been so rapid as the world would bear. In short, it could not have been improved upon by mortals, if they had undertaken to present a plan. The telegraphic sounds and vibrations had nothing really alarming in them, and therefore their cause was searched for, without that superstitious awe with which the listener would have looked for the appearance, or for the voice of a departed friend. When it was ascertained that there was intelligence in the source of the sounds, enough had been heard to convince the hearer that there was no real danger to be apprehended and nothing to fear. Thus it has advanced, step by step, until now there are a variety of ways to make us realize the presence of our Spirit-friends. From one obscure family, it has spread over this whole continent, and even into Europe. Thus is spreading the great initiating idea to a more familiar and reliable mode of communication; and we are inclined to the belief that the present mode will not very materially improve, until the great mass of mankind are led to acknowledge the possibility and probability of the present demonstrations being made by Spirits. When this knowledge becomes general, we shall be prepared for another step; and when this comes, it will probably be so great an advance, as to excite general skepticism, and will astonish the world even more than the advent of the present demonstrations. Let it not be said that there has been no great amount of good accomplished. The world may not estimate the value of the most simple truth, and when this is known to be a fact, of however apparent insignificance, it needs nothing more to prove it to be of vast importance to mankind. Let us not be in haste; we can not force the order of nature to conform to our ideas of progress, and she will work out this spiritual problem, this most important truth of the age, in spite of the bigotry of its opponents, or impatience and fanaticism of its friends.

In tracing the progress of the new manifestations, the nature of the opposition should not be forgotten. From the time the first public examinations took place at Rochester (N. Y.), to the present, the opponents have been divided into two general classes, the first being the lower strata of human society, who have never been in a position to cause them to think of any thing of a spiritual nature; and the other, that body of men to whom the world is indebted for standing in the way of all improvement and reform in all ages of the world, the theological teachers and their well-trained pupils. At the first lecture ever delivered on this subject, these two phases were exhibited; the genteel rabble were noisy and boisterous, while the theological teacher gravely arose and declared his belief to be that the demonstrations, as related, were true, but that it was an excursion of his Satanic Majesty, for the purpose of winning souls to everlasting destruction. These two main trunks have numerous branches, and use various arguments to substantiate their common theory that "it can't be so." It has not been the religious theologian, merely that has opposed the spiritual idea, but the equally sectarian and bigoted anti-religious school of theologians. Both of these classes have argued from the same premises; both have taken the ground that (excepting the special privilege granted to his



Satanic Majesty) Spirit is an immaterial substance, and is entirely incapable of making any manifestation whatever. This is the language of the religious and anti-religious organs, the tone of the New York Observer, and the Boston Investigator. Most ardently and faithfully have such as these labored to testify away the new proof of immortality. The religious sectarian was opposed to any new proof, and was irritated to think any other process than theirs should be found by which to arrive at a settlement of that great and somewhat mooted question. The anti-religious annihilatorist disliked to have his glorious uncertainty disturbed, and would use columns to prove that all that has transpired is no proof. The vernal press of the country have, in accordance with popular opinion, almost universally denounced the whole as a gross imposition; and so united have been this class of opponents, and so much influence do they possess with the mass of community, that they have been, and still are, mighty giants standing spear in hand, to turn honest inquirers from investigation, and nothing but a simple sling armed with the pebbles of truth, has enabled them to keep on their way in spite of all opposition. It has been a favorite mode of proceeding with these papers, to inform, or rather misinform their patrons that they were in possession of the secret, and would give it to their readers in a few days. In looking over a New York paper of February 1st, 18, the following is found as the beginning of a long article: "The under-swallowing must find new food for their credulity, for the Rochester mystery has been exploded; and yet this 'mystery' has already outlived the author of that information, as he has passed to a sphere where he has, probably, become wiser on that subject. From the beginning it has been pronounced a 'clumsy trick,' a 'transparent humbug,' but the clumsy manner of doing the trick has not yet been transparent enough to be seen through by the wisest of the world, unless by acknowledging the spiritual theory. Over and over has it been announced that it was all found out, all confessed; at one time a story was started, under the name of a 'deposition,' which many looked upon as quite conclusive, and yet twenty lines of facts served to prove the impotency of falsehood, and the potency of truth. Let the whole force of the opposition be scanned, and what has it consisted in? surmise, insinuation, falsehood, nothing reasonable, and nothing tangible. How story after story, and slander after slander, and falsehood after falsehood, has been rolled away by the omnipotent power of truth and facts! Not a single fact stated in the first pamphlet on this subject has ever been contradicted, not a jot or tittle of the promises made by the Spirits to continue and increase their communications has failed, but the glorious development is still onward. Will the believers in the spirituality of these communications falter when they have so much proof, and sustained as they are by facts that have ever, and will ever, overwhelm and put to flight all the theories and suppositions brought against it? Those who have arrived at an absolute knowledge of the facts, can no more be shaken in their belief than they can discredit their own existence, for it is forever engraven on the mind, and can not be eradicated by time or sophistry. Amid all the clamor of opponents and sectarian feeling among believers, let the cool and the philosophical keep calmly on their way, and patiently investigate to the end.

In closing, we can not refrain from adding an extract from a letter of that good man, John O. Wattle, which will always be applicable to seekers after spiritual knowledge: "They (Spirits) have been bending over us and flocking around the world, peering into every crevice in the cold cast-iron heart of man, beating at the door of every mental temple for admittance, and shouting at the top of their voices to the walking corpses that stalk about ground, ever since they have left their bodies. They labor as intently now for the good of man as they did in the body, and perhaps more so, and only need access to man to guide him out of the wilderness, over the desert and up the hill-tops to the land of Redemption. So don't let us bother them about minor matters, but go right into the great work at once. That, eventually, will furnish the world with the best evidence that they are from God, and all will seek to be with them, or rather, enjoy and realize their presence. Above all things, keep it from being made a mercenary matter. There is nothing so degrading to Spirit-life as venality, unless it be the denial of the ever-present angel-spirits. Beg, dig, grub, and starve, but don't traffic in inter-course. If the gate of heaven has been opened, don't let us have Mammon for gate-keeper. If Franklin, or Rogers, or Swedenborg, or Gabriel have come to our aid, don't let us set them on the auction-block, to sell to the highest bidder. Let us seek such information as shall enable all the race to come up and talk with them face to face, behold their glories, and be like them."

## A VISION OF HEAVEN.

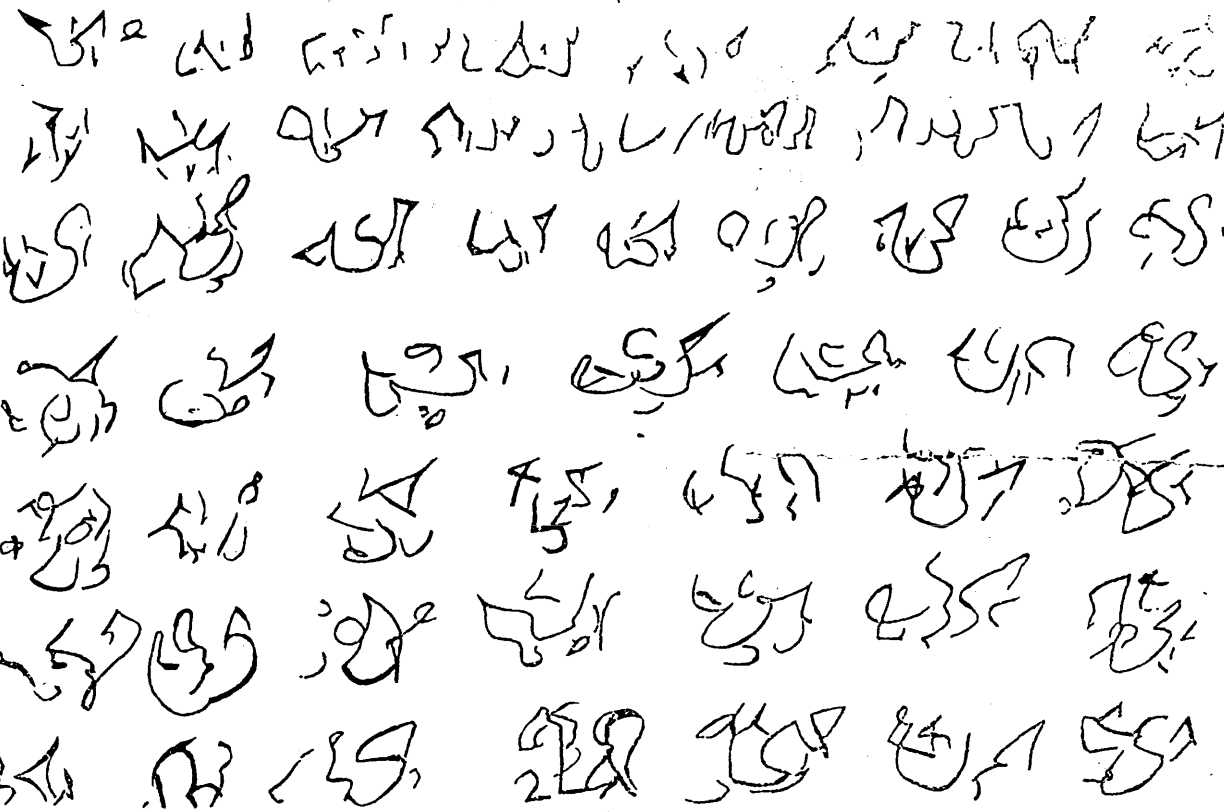
BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

NIGHT had shed its darkness round me;  
Wearied with the cares of day,  
Rest'd I. Sleep's soft folds bound me,  
And my spirit fled away.  
As on eagle pinions soaring,  
On I sped from star to star,  
'Till Heaven's high and glistening portals  
Met my vision from afar.  
Myriad miles I hasten'd over;  
Myriad stars I passed by;  
On and on my tireless spirit  
Urged its ceaseless flight on high.  
Planets burned with glorious radiance,  
Lighting up my trackless way;  
On I sped, till music coming  
From the realms of endless day,  
Fell upon my ear, as music  
Chanted by celestial choirs  
Only can, and then my spirit  
Longed to grasp their golden lyres.  
Stood I near that portal, wondering  
Whether I could enter there;  
I, of earth and sin the subject,  
Child of sorrow and of care!  
There I stood, like one uncall'd for,  
Willing thus to hope and wait;  
'Till a voice said, "Why not enter!  
Why thus linger at the gate!"  
'Know me not! say whence thou comest  
Here to join our angel-band;  
Know me not! Here, take thy welcome,  
'Take thine angel-sister's hand."  
Then I gazed, and gazing wonder'd;  
For 'twas she who long since died;  
She who in her youth departed,  
Falling early at my side.  
'Up," said she, "mid glorious temples,  
Up, where all thy lov'd ones rest,  
They with joy will sing thy welcome  
To the mansions of the blest;  
'Mansions where no sin can enter,  
Home where all do rest in peace;  
Where the tired and faithful spirit  
From its trials finds release;  
'Golden courts, where watchful cherubs  
Tune their harps to holy praise;  
Temples in which countless myriads  
Anthem of thanksgiving raise."  
I those shining portals entered,  
Guided by that white-robed one;  
When a glorious light shone round me,  
Brighter than a noonday sun.  
Friends I met whom death had severed  
From companionship below;  
All were there, and in each feature  
Immortality did glow.  
I would touch their golden lyres,  
When upon my ears there broke  
Louder music—at that moment  
I from my glad vision woke.  
All was silent; scarce a zephyr  
Mould the balmy air of night;  
And the moon in meekness shining,  
Shed around its hallowed light.

## MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

## MYSTICAL MANUSCRIPT.

We are unable to determine whether the manuscript referred to by Dr. Cory, in the communication below, an engraved transcript of which is here given, is or is not written in any terrestrial language. It evidently bears no little resemblance



MESSRS. EDITORS:

The accompanying manuscript of unknown characters was sent me by a friend in Milwaukee, and is a portion only of a whole page, said to have been written by Mr. Fenton, of Cleveland, under spiritual influence, the whole page being written in two minutes. Mr. L. B. Brown, the gentleman who sent it, requested me to submit it to the examination of some of our media. It was supposed to be Arabic, and I presented it to the medium with that impression on my mind, so that the influence of my mind could have had no agency in determining the result.

The first thing presented to her mind was a vision, consisting of a long row of Chinese, all alike, with the peculiar, stereotyped appearance and costume of that singular people; the medium having a strong impression that this was intended to indicate that the writing was Chinese.

This scene passed away, and was succeeded by another, designed to symbolize primitive chaos. The vision of the medium seemed to embrace the limitless realms of space within its scope, where every thing was in shapeless, lifeless confusion, light and darkness, heat and cold, and every thing opposite and incongruous were intermingled in such manner as to defy all the powers of language to describe. At length motion began to agitate this chaotic mass, and presently all was resolved into order, symmetry, and beauty indescribable, and the endless expanse of the Universe was soon teeming with countless millions of nameless forms of life.

This having faded away, she rose, and, in the most dignified and impressive manner, delivered the following:

"Down, down in the depths of Chaos, a breath from the Almighty (which breath was his will) reached a germ implanted there, and Creation began; and who shall trace the result of that breath?  
'Myriads of living things now fill the air; the earth is teeming with life, and who shall declare the future?  
'That germ has filled immensity; that breath from the Divine Mind fills all creation. In it there is life, without it creation would crumble into dust."

She then attempted to give the name, thus, "Con," "Fa," "sion," "no, not Confu-sion, but Confu-cius, "Confucius."  
She then said it seemed to her that this was not all of it; that the subject was abruptly cut off in the middle.

I had not told her, neither had I thought before of it being only a fragment of the original, so that her impression must have originated from some other source than my mind. Whether this is really the Chinese character, and, if so, whether this be the true interpretation or not, I of course offer no opinion. You may be able to find some person who is able to determine this question, from a knowledge of the language, and also to obtain the balance of the original.

I was struck, as you will doubtless be, by the free, easy, smooth sweep of the pen which characterizes every portion of the performance, and which indicates that it was never done by imitation.

Perhaps Dr. Richmond may find in this circumstance an argument in favor of his theory!

Whether it be from Confucius or not, it is certainly not unworthy the old philosopher in his palmist days.

Mr. Brown informs me there is a lady in Milwaukee who often writes in the same characters.

Yours for the truth,

D. Cory, M.D.

P. S.—It strikes me these letters resemble those given by Swedenborg, which he calls the "Celestial Characters," but it is a long time since I saw them.

Soon after the foregoing letter was received from Dr. Cory, we happened one evening to be in company with a rapping medium, Miss Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn., when we received a communication which may interest the reader.

It was at a late hour in the evening, when we chanced (if such a term may be allowed) to think of the occult message, and we at once resolved to submit it to the Spirits. We had previously inclosed the manuscript in a new envelope, on which there was no writing. Placing the communication on the table, inclosed as above described, we requested the Spirits to tell us what they knew, or could learn, concerning the author; whereupon we received, principally in reply to direct interrogatories, the following communication:

"The message was dictated by a man in the Spirit-world; he has been there a long time; he did not belong to this country; the author did not speak the English language; he did not live in France, not in Germany, not in Italy; he lived in the Chinese Empire. The Spirit was greatly distinguished while on earth; not as a conqueror, not as a historian, not as a poet—he might have been a poet—but he was eminent as a philosopher."

"You have a translation with you; it was given by a Spirit, through a medium who knows nothing of the characters. The translation is substantially correct."

We were in a strange house when the above was communicated; we had not seen the medium for some weeks, and the parties constituting the circle were all profoundly ignorant of the contents of the envelope.

Ed.

"There is no subject 'before the people' which monopolizes a larger share of public attention than the so-called spiritual phenomena. In hundreds of families in this city the 'rappings' and 'tippings' are the ordinary amusements of the evening, and the belief that spirits are the cause of these manifestations is widely prevalent. This belief is not a mere vulgar illusion, based upon ignorance and superstition. It has the sanction of the church. Grave divines of the leading Protestant sects have subscribed to it. We have already given the opinion of Dr. Tying upon the subject, and the Rev. Charles Beecher, it appears, coincides with the doctor in attributing the 'manifestations' to diabolical agency. Here, then, we have two distinguished clergymen, the one an Episcopalian, the other a Congregationalist, admitting their faith in the supernatural origin of the 'rappings,' etc. 'This is a serious matter.'"

THE CHURCH AND THE RAPPINGS.—The Sunday Times of this city, which, not long since, as we are credibly informed, denounced the Spiritual Manifestations as an unmitigated fraud, and the media as graceless impostors, is at length "under conviction." The spirit of opposition which had possessed it, recently gave to the ghost, as appears from the Times of April 10th. That spirit seems to have been exorcised by Rev. Charles Beecher's Report. 'We copy from the Times' article, taking the liberty to italicise one line. Its words are gentle and considerate.

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to the Chinese script, but we are not sufficiently familiar with the characters of that language to warrant the expression of an opinion. The communication, as embodied in the spiritual translation, is graphically expressed, and we think it reads quite as well as the best criticisms on spiritual literature which have yet come to hand. We here introduce the fac simile copy of the original manuscript.

## SHADES OF THE POETS.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Miss B., a highly esteemed lady, who resides at Hartford, Conn., for several interesting messages from the Spirits, one of which will be found in this connection. It will be perceived that our friend is herself the medium, and our readers may be assured, that entire freedom from all fanaticism, calumny of mind, and purity of character combine to commend her account of personal experience to their attention and confidence.

Our readers will be able to judge of the merits of the Spirit's communication itself, and to what extent it resembles the style of the great Poet.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

The communication from Lord Byron was imparted to me last August. When he came I was occupied with company, and was expecting soon to be called for, to leave on a visit. I received the usual evidence of Spiritual presence, and supposed it to be for a friend, who was then waiting for a message. Upon inquiring, Who is it, the answer came, "Byron." Not thinking of the Bard, I inquired, Byron who? and then the answer came, "Lord Byron." At first I felt some degree of embarrassment, and thought the circumstances were unfavorable for me to receive impressions. I asked for a delay, and immediately the answer came, "Suit your own convenience." I felt like one in the presence of a person whose dignity was somewhat disturbed. I inquired, Can you impress me under the circumstances? He replied, "Yes. Be quiet."

I withdrew willingly, and the following was given me:

Yours truly, E. B.

## COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT.

Man should not mourn. In sorrow's garb full many a Spirit lives, and gropes his way in sadness. His destiny is not to darkness, but to light. His spirit dwells in, for want of true knowledge; and so the light obscured by clouds of darkness, is to his bewildered vision lower but Hell. Why, O why will man, in image God-like made, sink lower far than brutes that perish! Why not stem the current so fiercely flowing, and arrest the tide of passion; why not say, thus far and no farther shall thou go. It is not pride, and goodness it is not; it is not wisdom sure, thus to debate and violate the laws of God's own making.

Roll on majestic! Oh, thou mighty Power;  
Sink low, and lower still, all hellish fear;  
And waves on waves of sorrow and of dread,  
Will change, and change, and find an Ocean's bed.

But when the light from Heaven through the darkness beams, and Man subdued, loves to be pure, then will the Spirit grow, and see in Nature's God the image of itself, and thus with Him in union be. A paradise in bliss, without a serpent's subtle power. No longer mourn, ye sons of God, for onward is the light, more radiant with hope, more glorious still. No longer earth-born cares the Spirit fetter; no longer hate what God has made, for all is holy, all is part of God, breathes life and teems with beauty. It is the eye that's dim, that darkness sees. Can such a leader be, can mortals, who know not the way, the way reveal? No longer mourn, no longer weep; but in thy God-like nature rise, and claim the right on thee bestowed. It is the slave of earth that is in iron fetters bound. He seeks not to be liberated; but in calm stupidity he hugs his chains, and knows not that he is a prisoner. Can the Spirit grow, while ignorance is bliss to thought a mind! His Heaven is ignorance, his Hell is not remorse; for thought to him is not so well defined. He sleeps, and knows not what the end will be. He may not always sleep, for Angels in their mission may arouse his dormant faculties, and strike upon some note as yet untouched, unlock the prison door, and set him free!

## AN INDIAN SPIRIT'S SPEECH.

LEBANON, N. H., March, 14, 1853.

MR. PARTRIDGE:  
Dear Sir—The following communication was written through a medium of thirteen years of age. I know it is not her own composition.

Yours, C. B. C.

The once proud chief of a fallen nation, now comes to speak to his pale-faced sister. There are but few left to lament the departure of a once powerful race, none to sit by the council fire, to seek friendship or plot revenge. No daring footsteps now climb the hills and precipices of our native land. And where is now the Indian maiden, who roamed through the glens and valleys, or skimmed o'er the lake in her swift canoe! All, all are gone! What is the cause of this downfall of a whole nation! Look to your brothers for an answer. We bear with us to the Spirit-world our primitive characters—we are at peace with all.

You may deem it strange that an untutored savage should think of poetry, but nature is full of poetry; the Indian's heart is full; from the wild cataract and foaming billows of the ocean, to the calm and placid lake, or the murmuring rill, sending forth its gushing melody. The mountains, towering in lofty majesty, the forest retreat, whose wavy boughs afford a shade to the dream-loving, all these speak to us, and awaken one absorbing passion. How can I speak of Heaven! The Indian grew sad when your brothers took possession of his lands; vengeance became the object of his soul, the rest you know; suffice it to say, we are happy now. Heaven is ours. Powhatan has finished.

## A SINGULAR FACT.

A MAN RESTORED TO LIFE AFTER BURIAL FOR TEN MONTHS.

The subjoined extract is translated from the Paris Journal of Magnetism, which quotes as its authority a very remarkable book published by Mr. Osborne, an English officer, on his return from the court of Rundjeting, in India. We must also add that General Ventura, who was one of the witnesses of this extraordinary transaction, testified to the correctness of the statement when he was subsequently visited Paris.

Mr. Osborne says, "On the 6th of June, 1838, the monotony of our life in camp was agreeably interrupted by the arrival of an individual who had acquired great celebrity in the Punjab. The natives regarded him with great veneration, on account of the faculty he possessed of remaining buried under ground as long as he pleased, and then reviving again. Such extra-

ordinary facts were related in the country concerning this man, and so many respectable persons testified to their authenticity, that we were extremely desirous of seeing him; for instance, Captain Wade, of Lodhiana, informed me that he had himself been present at the resurrection of this Fakir, in the presence of General Ventura, the Rajah, and several men of distinction among the natives, and that after his interment had lasted several months." The following are the details which were given him of the interment, and those that he added on his own authority of the exhumation.

"At the end of some preparations which had lasted several days, and which would be too tedious to enumerate, the Fakir declared himself ready for the experiment; the witnesses met around a tomb of mason-work, constructed expressly to receive him. Before their eyes the Fakir closed with wax (with the exception of his mouth) all the apertures of his body through which air might be admitted; then he stripped off all his clothing. He was then inclosed in a linen bag, and by his directions his tongue was turned back, so as to close the entrance to his throat; immediately after this operation the Fakir fell into a lethargic state. The bag which contained him was then closed and sealed by the Rajah. This sack was then placed in a wooden box, which was locked with a padlock and sealed. The box was then lowered into the tomb, over which was thrown a great quantity of earth, which was trampled down and then sown with barley; finally, sentinels were set to watch it day and night. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the Rajah still was suspicious; he came twice during the ten months that the Fakir remained buried, and caused the tomb to be examined; he found the Fakir precisely as they had left him, and perfectly cold and inanimate."

"The ten months having expired, they proceeded to the final exhumation. General Ventura and Captain Wade saw the padlock opened, the seals broken, and the chest raised from the tomb. The Fakir was removed; there were no indications of life at the heart or pulse. In the top of his head there remained some slight sensation of heat. After first replacing his tongue in a natural position, and then slowly pouring warm water over his body, he began to evince some signs of life. After two hours he was quite restored and walked about. This wonderful man is about thirty years of age, his figure is unpleasant, and his countenance has a cunning expression."

"He says that he has delicious dreams during his interment, and that restoration is very painful to him."

## PROVERBS BY THE SPIRITS.

CHARLES HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

Wisdom is not in strength, but in mercy; and they who work good are wise.

Pursue good, and evil shall disappear, like darkness before the rising morn of light.

Follow peace, and peace shall follow thee. Have no contention with thy fellows, and thy fellows shall be thy friends.

When thou art hungry, thou knowest the wants of the poor; but when thou art rich, thou carest for thy riches. Help cometh from sympathy, but oppression from selfishness. Let thy soul know the former, that it may not be deceived with the latter.

Say to the needy, be ye warned, and be ye filled, and what thou sayest, do; for righteousness is not in words, but in good deeds.

Say to thyself what thou findest meet for another, nor let thy words be found unfaithful to thee. Covet wisdom for thyself, and to thyself will wisdom come; for whosoever shall cultivate his own soul, shall reap the reward of his toil. Be wise for thyself, that thou mayest share its treasure.

Pearls win smiling faces, but rods render smiles into tears. Make sorrow's path glad with the wisdom of thy mercy; for man needeth aid.

Dust is weighty, and weight is a balance; so he who is attracted to fall by the wayside may be balanced by a counterpoise. Hold thyself in readiness to meet the emergency, lest at any time they neglect shall occasion thee to stumble.

Prudence is cautiousness, and he who is prudent will not say, or do, what he will regret.

Time makes nothing right which is wrong; it is the measure of age; but wisdom never grows old, nor eternal things young. Sweet is the charm that never loses its smile, and happy are they who can dwell in its presence.

Poverty seeks to hide itself, but riches to face the world; shame and honor are in neither. He who has much wants more, but he who has what is useful need not complain.

Envy not the proud; for vanity and pride are naturally united, and he who would overcome the one must destroy both.

Honor thy superiors, and pity thy inferiors. Equals are pairs; pairs are balances; and a just balance is a perfect equilibrium. Let thy superiors teach thee, and thy inferiors be taught by thee; so shall thy works shine as the stars, balanced in the scale of wisdom and love.

Prosperity dwells not in king's houses, nor peace in palaces of princes. Man hath his cares and wants; but care and want need supplies, or the possessor must suffer.

Virtue needs no fear for its support, and heaven no converts who require the list to keep them in order.

Mind thy own culture; look at thy own field; see to thy own harvest; and then thy granary will not be empty in seed-time, nor thy children and in seasons of want. Go where thy mind may see need, and return when thou hast nothing to bestow.

A rainbow is a token of sunshine, so is hope of better days; but, he who hopes without work, is a stranger to the voice of nature. Rain and sunshine nourish the seed sown, but he who soweth not will meet hope deferred.

Talents given are rain and sunshine, but he who never uses only to pervert and abuse them, will find the interest and principal where his works have consigned them. Dig where thou canst make thyself serviceable, and let not thy labor be cast into the sea. Pearls cast to swine, neither benefit them nor thee.

Never counsel with him who praises thee to thy face, for he will ridicule thee behind thy back.

Never insult thy enemy, nor retaliate upon him; he needs thy aid, not thy wrath.

Choose good things, and neglect the bad; good will sustain, and evil will die, unrevivified.

Wrong are fashions, and neglected fashions perish for want of care. Satisfaction can not be found in things not wanted, nor harmony in a den of devours.

Thorns applied to the back make sores, so do many blows grieve the heart with sorrows.

Envy dwelleth in a man who scorneth wisdom he hath not seen; they who envy, are not they who possess wisdom; they who do not possess wisdom, are they who need it.

Love draws more friends than hate, and he who loves truly, is never without a sympathizer.

Virtue will shake the vice of a nation, and he who seeks it shall find it. Take to thyself wisdom, set thy heart upon her, for she hath many treasures, and she will guide thee to peace.

Open thy hand and shut thy mouth, when the needy ask for help. Turn not the stranger from thy gates, nor the weeping from thy threshold without cause; for he who giveth to the wanting stoppeth the mouth of reproach, and maketh the sad merry with good things.

Scorn not the poor because they are poor, for none would be rich if none were poor. The man who gains great riches, extracts his gain from the sweat of industry. The man who gains not wealth permits his lord to rule over his substance, and gather what he hath not sown: so poverty is made tributary to wealth, and labor to indolence.

Train thy mind not in the ways of wrong, lest thou inherit her plagues. She will tell thee her ways are pleasant; she will say, "I am thy mistress; go with me, and thy name shall be praised by all my worshippers." She is not faithful to thee, and when thou shalt obey her commands, thou wilt learn her folly. Train thy mind to virtue; learn not virtue from vicious habits; seek not to find her in outward mockeries; but touch the hand of woe; go where duty calleth thee; bless the wretched and those who make them wretched; and let thy wisdom shine in thy good deeds, and not in thy boasting of charity.

Mrs. A. L. Brown (formerly Mrs. Fish, of the Fox family), now resides at No. 78 West Twenty-Sixth Street, where citizens and strangers, who may be in the city, may have an opportunity to become acquainted with that form of the Spiritual Manifestations denominated the 'Rappings.' Mrs. Brown is, perhaps, the most distinguished medium for this phase of the spiritual phenomena in this country; and although the scientific investigator may desire to pursue the subject where he will be less liable to interruption from the influx of visitors, he will, nevertheless, be quite likely to have his attention arrested, and perchance, his judgment convinced, by what he may see at Mrs. Brown's.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1853.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

ADVERTISING.—THE TELEGRAPH is not intended to be a general advertising medium, and we do not especially solicit this kind of patronage. The Publishers will, however, insert a very limited number of advertisements, as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention, is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for in advance, at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first insertion,



## Interesting Miscellany.

## FIRST VOYAGE TO THE SUN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

BY EVANGELINE.

Mr. BRITTAN:—Dear Sir—I send you an extract from the journals of a clairvoyant to the Sun; if you consider it possesses sufficient merit to deserve a place in your paper, it is at your service for publication. The extract is taken from a German work entitled "Journals of a Clairvoyant to the Moon, to many Stars, and to the Sun." The name of the clairvoyant was Philippine Demuth Baule, and she was born in the small town of Weilheim, in 1810.

On the 30th of December, at half past eleven o'clock in the morning, in the year 1835, she laid down upon her bed, and as soon as she perceived that sleep was approaching, she folded her hands together, and began to gasp for breath. When twelve o'clock struck, her two spiritual guides stationed themselves beside her, which occasioned her to manifest great happiness and delight. They had hardly conversed with her a minute when she said, "I require eighteen minutes to arrive at the Sun, and at this moment I commence my journey." She soon said, "There is an undeveloped spirit who is endeavoring to render my journey difficult." At the same time she stretched out her hands, still firmly clasped together, and said, "I have now arrived where the light is tolerably great." After a short pause she cried out, "Oh, how the light is increasing!"

Since the time she had first met with her conductors for this voyage, she had passed by the Moon, and regarded it attentively, turning her head from side to side. When she had about half accomplished her journey, she remarked, "As I pass before the heavenly bodies I can perceive their motions, and I can hear in the distance nothing but music and singing proceeding from them." After a short pause she continued, "I have inquired of my conductors what these things signify, whereupon my brother answers me, 'I have so arranged it that thou shalt arrive at the Sun at precisely (according to the computation of time on earth) the right hour, day, month, and year, when the King of all kings and Lord of all lords was given as a gift to a sinful world, and born among men.' This is a great festival, and both the creating angel and also he who conveys to the mind of godly men a true and living belief in himself are here present. They perceive that the men of earth do not comprehend precisely what sort of worship is acceptable to God, and likewise that men do not know how rightly to humble themselves before Him, because his infinite grace, goodness, and mercy are incomprehensible and unsearchable to their understandings." Hereupon she cried out, "Glory be to God on high, peace on earth, and good-will toward men, and may it continue forever."

The two conductors began now to speak to her as follows: "The condemned and unhappy souls are aware when this season occurs as well as ourselves, but while happy spirits can not rejoice at it sufficiently, the spirits of the wanderers feel the torments of their unhappy fate more sensibly. Thus in their thoughts they reproach themselves and each other because of their misery, saying, 'We might have enjoyed the light of the Sun, had we not been so foolish as to forsake the path of duty upon these temptations.'"

"According to your form of speech, of the birth of Jesus, the day of his circumcision, the day of his condemnation, that in which death had dominion over him. His resurrection day, the day of his ascension, and the day of Pentecost are without doubt noted in heaven by even a greater outpouring of rejoicing than usual."

"I observe to-day that when my brother speaks to me, that his voice is unusually clear and piercing, and he says to me, 'Declare to the inhabitants of earth that thou hast received an order to inform them precisely when Jesus Christ, the Son of the Most High, was born.'"

"He was not born 1835 years ago, but three years earlier, and not on the 25th of December, but between three and four o'clock of the morning of the 30th of December was he born, and this is the exact hour, day, month, and year."

All this conversation above mentioned had taken place between her conductors and herself during her voyage, and she now exclaimed, "I have arrived at the Sun." Her joy on arriving there appeared to the bystanders immoderately great, and she soon began to speak as follows: "The Sun is an inconceivably great body. My conductors tell me that God has found room enough in the Sun alone to receive the souls of all those who have left the earth from the time when God first placed men upon it. Not for those alone who first existed upon it, but for all their successors, now that the earth is many thousand years old. In this great Sun there prevails an unspeakable harmony in the music and singing; and it is now plain to me why it has been necessary for me to have two conductors to visit the Sun and the New Jerusalem, because if they did not sustain me, the splendor which I witness would cause me to faint away. I know not how to express it, but they appear to support me entirely. If it were only possible, I should wish my spirit to be released, so that it could remain forever surrounded by this lordly splendor, and that the dissolution between soul and body might take place amid these transporting songs and music. My two conductors are smiling at what I say, and my brother says to me, 'Beloved sister, if you once see the felicity the inhabitants of the Sun experience, you will heartily long to attain to the end of your earthly existence, so that your soul and spirit may be released from that bondage of the flesh which you now bear.'"

"We will now show you a small portion of the district appropriated especially to children, for children form a very large part of God's kingdom, though there are also a great number of older persons, who on this earth had attained considerable age. The Sun emits more beneficial and life-giving warmth in its rays than the inhabitants of earth are aware of; it is really and truly an immense ball of fire."

"The Sun does not move, and beyond it are millions and innumerable millions of stars, in one of which the city of God is situated, and it also is a sun."

After a short pause she said: "I put this question to my brother, 'How warm is the Sun in which the city of God, which I see before me, is situated?' And he replied to me with great earnestness, but without any displeasure, that it was my duty to inform myself concerning the Sun as much as I possibly could, because all the inhabitants of the earth on first leaving it come hither. I am now approaching the city to which I am being conveyed to-day. The rejoicings, songs, and music which I hear as I draw near to the city, humble me with a profound sense of God's great and infinite majesty; so that I am ready to expire, and no strength remains in me. If I were to give you the most lucid

description of what I see, I could not convey the faintest idea of it to your minds. The streets of the city could not be more glittering if they were entirely covered with pure sand of gold. The city to which I have now arrived is called Iasa; the gate of the city and all the buildings in it are much more beautiful than any I have seen in the stars. The houses are spacious and lofty, especially the windows, from which proceed beams of the most brilliant light. This city is of considerable size, and the streets which intersect it are quite wide, and of unbounded beauty and splendor, and one thing which causes me great regret is, that no description of mine can give you the faintest conception of it. In this city are many of the original angels, and all spirits from our world come hither first. I hear fresh bursts of the most harmonious music and singing, but I do not perceive the musicians, either vocal or instrumental; but I remark one in particular among those happy souls who are privileged to walk through the streets of this city, who is in a state of the most triumphant exaltation. I have now reached the back part of the city, and the gate of egress is quite as magnificent as that by which I have entered.

"I now perceive, just on the outskirts of the city, a building of immeasurable length and breadth; it is this that all infants come who have experienced vitality in their mothers' womb, or who have lived on our earth for a short time after their birth, say up to the age of one year.

"These infants are provided with female instructors, nurses, and superintendents; the largest among them are skipping and gamboling about; and the little ones are reclining on pleasant seats. They are not so large as they would have been if they had continued to live upon the earth, and each one has a little crown upon its head. Their raiment is white and shining as the sun, and across their breast and shoulders lies a rose-colored girdle, which is woven in the most curious manner, so as to imitate a wreath of little roses. The older of those who come here, on awakening from the sleep called death, have harps by their sides, and I may well say that they appear to me to possess every accomplishment.

"All these little happy spirits have a more noble and exalted expression of countenance than men can conceive of, and they are gamboling and sporting with the utmost enjoyment, and oh, how much love and harmony prevails among these children. I see many who are no larger than little dolls, and yet they are overflowing with happiness. My conductor desired me to remark, that infants were collected here of every religion, nation, tongue, and language; in a word, that the children from every part of the face of the earth have received a title to this blessed inheritance. He proceeded to say, 'You see but a small proportion of the children who inhabit the Sun in this place; there are many more such mansions and establishments here which are peopled by children.'"

She here made a pause, and when she was asked if she was conversing with her conductor, she replied: "I have been inquiring of my brother whether the children always remain as they now are, or if they grow; and this is his answer, 'That I might have inferred that they grew, because his life on the earth brought him to six years and five months of age, at which time he was not as large as he now is.'"

"The strength of these children's spirits and souls are increasing, so that their bodies also grow until they attain a similar size to that they would reach if they had remained on our earth. Their spirits and souls were entirely formed in this world, much more so than we imagine, and they remain here in a state of innocence, and make far greater progress than if they had continued to live on the earth."

After a short pause, during which she appeared to converse with her conductors, she resumed her discourse. "My brother asked me if I had not noticed some among these numbers of children who were distinguished by a particular mark. I answered him that I had not as yet, but that I would examine them again. 'Yes, now I remark some among them who have a purple-colored net-work passing across their breast and shoulders under the left side, and in their crowns there is only one pearl.' 'This was what I wished you to notice,' said my guide; 'the children who are thus distinguished have been murdered, and for this reason they are not as happy as the others.' There is considerable similarity in these children's appearance, and yet they are not all exactly alike. Their hair is mostly whitish, and their eyes sparkling with intelligence. The teachers and nurses who have the charge of these little ones have also been little children when they first came, and have been instructed in the elementary schools. The souls of the happy are here under favorable circumstances for development; and the grown persons, and also the children, teachers, and nurses, attain to a marvelous degree of perfection. In this happy society there exist regulations of which mortals can form no conception. One of the creating angels and many of the happy ones often come to visit the children, and they have, as it were, the superintendence of the whole.

"I thought a while ago that I would like to remain here, but the raiment of the happy souls I see here and mine differs more than does the clearest morning from the blackest night, so that I do not like to stand beside them. My guide informs me that the talents of these happy beings are not all alike; to some are given more than others, according to the position they occupy, but all are possessed of great wisdom, so that the difference between them is only so great as the wise government of God requires. I am desired to say to the parents whose children have died early, that they should no more weep and lament for them. If parents and others who have lost friends, could only cast one glance into the kingdom of the happy and into the kingdom of children, surely their lamentations for them would cease. But my conductor says, God does not permit mortals to look upon them, because after one look they would be totally useless on the earth, for it would make them sad to remain behind a spouse, parent, or child, or any one between whom and themselves, on this earth, there existed a deep and strong bond of union.

"I must now commence my return voyage, and I shall accomplish it in about fifteen minutes. At precisely half past eleven in the morning I shall make my second voyage to the Sun, and shall visit the district for children who have been from two to three years old when they came here. In the region where I have been to-day I perceive no mountains, but level land, which resembles a garden, and yet is not one. The turf is very green, and this place is intended to promote the delight of the beloved little ones."

"My guide says they make very rapid progress, and that the amazement is most rapturous with which the unspeakable goodness of God, from all eternity, is received by those men whose perceptions of it have been obscured in this life. My guides have now left me, with this parting instruction, always in the future to remain calm." \* \* \* \* \*

"She awakened very happy and cheerful, and said, 'My voyage has lasted a long time; now tell me all that I have said.'"

## FORGET NOT THE DEAD.

The spiritual idea is more or less conspicuous in almost all our current literature. It must, indeed, be prominent in all works of genius, or they can achieve at most but a doubtful and ephemeral success. There is scarcely a scrap of real poetry, that either warms the heart or illuminates the mind, through which the spiritual element does not diffuse its scintillations. The idea is clearly seen in the following stanzas, from the Portsmouth Journal.

"Still the same, no charm forget,  
Nothing lost that time had given."

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have left us,  
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above,  
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,  
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love:  
Repeat their fond words, and their noble deeds cherish,  
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;  
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,  
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember  
The last look of life, and the low whispered prayer!  
Oh, could we hear hearts as the ice of December,  
When Love's tablets record no remembrances there.  
Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,  
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed;  
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us;  
Forget not the dead! Oh, forget not the dead!

## SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

Somewhere on Long Island there is an eccentric genius who, some years ago, started the hypothesis that the earth is a huge animal, and that the monster breathes as often as the tide ebbs and flows. Does the fact recorded below sustain any relation to the theory of the Long Island philosopher? We commend the subject to the attention of Dr. Richmond; it may enable him to account for what are commonly called miracles. May not the ordinary operations of nature, as seen in the earth, be the involuntary functions of the animal, and those extraordinary phenomena deemed miraculous, finally prove to be the result of its voluntary efforts.

Some months ago, Mr. Nicholas Flint, of Great Valley, in digging a well after excavating to the depth of about forty feet, and finding no water, determined to dig no deeper, as the space had already become so small that he was afraid, should he sink it deeper, that the sides would fall in, if he attempted to stone it up. He accordingly abandoned it, throwing planks across the mouth to prevent accident, intending to fill it up again when he had leisure. One day he heard a singular noise, which seemed to proceed from the well, and on going to it, he discovered that it was caused by a heavy draft of air forcing itself up from the well. This continued for some days, when the current of air became reversed, and there was a strong draft downward, so much so that light substances brought near the crevices in the planks were instantly drawn in. He then procured a piece of pump-log, about two feet long, with an aperture of two inches in diameter, and inserted this firmly in one of the planks. The air as it forces itself into or out of this tube, makes a roaring sound, which can be heard for nearly a mile. In fact, this well seems now to perform all the breathing functions of a huge pair of lungs, although the inhalations and exhalations continue for a much longer period than any other animal now known, as it is sometimes several days in drawing in its breath, and as long a time in forcing it out. The boys in the neighborhood often amuse themselves by pulling their caps over the end of the tube, while the exhalation is going on, to see them thrown several feet into the air. Another fact is, that the respiratory organs of this "breathing monster" seem to be entirely under the control of the atmosphere; so that, in addition to its other singularities, it acts the double part of thermometer and barometer. For some hours preceding a change from a lower to a higher degree of temperature, the inhalations grow less and less, until they are finally imperceptible; then the air commences rushing out, the current growing stronger and stronger, until the weather has become settled, after which it again subsides to await another depression of the mercury to "take another breath." Who will elucidate this mystery!

Cattaraugus Whig.

## THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

A work by Mons. A. De Beauchene, of Paris, has just been issued from the press, entitled, "The Dauphin, his Life, his Agony, and his Death," which the author says is the result of twenty years' investigation. Now that it is claimed, by some in this country, that an Indian missionary, the Rev. Eleazar Williams, is the unfortunate son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., this work has an unusual interest. The conclusion of the author, which can scarcely be resisted, is, that the Dauphin did not escape, but died in prison. He has obtained from Gomin, one of the attendants of the Dauphin, the following interesting account of his death. The young prince (about ten years of age), as he lay on his sick bed, exclaimed that he heard music:

"Gomin, surprised, asked him, 'Where do you hear the music?' 'From on high,' 'How long since?' 'Since you have been on my knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!' And the child raised his failing arm, and opened his large eyes, lighted up with ecstasy. His poor guardian, not wishing to destroy this sweet and heavenly illusion, set himself to listen also, with the pious desire of hearing what could not be heard.

"After some moments of attention, the child started again, his eyes glinted, and he exclaimed in an inexpressible transport: 'In the midst of all the voices I heard my mother's!'

"This word seemed, as it fell from the orphan's lips, to remove all his pain. His contracted brows expanded, and his countenance brightened up with that ray of serenity which gives assurance of deliverance or victory. With his eye fixed upon a vision, his ear listening to the distant music of one of those concerts that human ear has never heard, there appeared to spring forth in his child's soul another existence.

"An instant afterward the brilliancy of his eye became extinguished, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and an expression of sinking showed itself upon his face."

"Gomin observed him closely, and followed with an anxious eye every movement. His breathing was no longer painful; his eye alone seemed slowly to wander, looking from time to time toward the window. . . . Gomin asked him what it was he was looking at in that direction. The child looked at his guardian a moment, and although the question was repeated, he seemed not to understand it, and did not answer.

"Lasne came up from below to relieve Gomin: the latter went out, his heart oppressed, but not more anxious than on the evening before, for he did not expect an immediate termination. Lasne took his seat near the bed; the prince regarded him for a long time with a fixed and dreamy look. When he made a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he was, and if he wanted any thing. The child said, 'Do you think that my sister has heard the music! how happy it would have made her.' Lasne was unable to answer. The eager and penetrating look, full of anguish, of the dying child, darted toward the window. An exclamation of happiness escaped his lips; then, looking toward his guardian, he said, 'I have one thing to tell you.' . . . Lasne approached and took his hand; the little head of the prisoner fell upon his guardian's breast, who listened to him, but in vain. His last words had been spoken. God had spared the young martyr the agony of the dying rattle; God had kept for himself the last thought of the child. Lasne put his hand upon the heart of the child: the heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat. It was half past two o'clock in the afternoon."

Lasne, the other attendant of the Dauphin, says, "I declare here, upon my honor, and before God, that the son of Louis XVI. died in my arms, in the tower of the Temple. They are nothing but impostors who pretend the contrary."

This work, it appears to us, can not fail to clear up the mystery in which the end of the Dauphin has been so long involved, and to set at rest the claims of all pretenders.

Portland Transcript.

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The general character of this Paper is already so well known, as to preclude the necessity for a lengthy description; besides, nothing that we could say would afford so good an idea of its merits as the beautiful initial number which is here submitted to the public. Suffice it to say, in this connection, that it will continue to foster a spirit of calm inquiry and rational investigation, neither prescribing limits for human thought, nor seeking, in a dogmatic spirit, to enforce the peculiar views of its Proprietors. While it will carefully avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate great freedom, imposing, as heretofore, no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. Desiring that the Divine kingdom of peace and righteousness may come on earth, and be established in the inmost heart, and exemplified in the practical life of the world, it will endeavor to preserve the most amicable relations with all men, that it may aid, in some humble manner, to realize the great Divine Order and approaching harmony of the Race.

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